

SONIA

A Story of Dangerous Love

By VIDA HURST

At a farewell party given by aristocratic SIDNEY MAINE to the senior class of Stockton High School, SONIA MARY, of the party, is discovered kissing JOE CARTER in a back room.

She, whose parents are poor, is considered wild because she smokes.

Joe intends to work in a garage with his father, and to save his money to give her the place in the world to which she aspires.

A young sister VERA's home disgusts Sonia with married life, and she now considers TOM UNDERWOOD's proposal when she has time until he is out of college.

Sonja's mother, for DR. DONALD STILLWATER, her mother during her absence. After MARY, the maid, leaves the room, Sonja gets out of bed to help Sonja get work out of town to help Sonja escape from the scandal. Sonja's mother, however, a month later, tells her a position will be open for her in San Francisco, and San Francisco real estate office of JED THOMAS, her uncle.

She gives some advice, and she resolves to live up to his good expectations of her. He consults with Sonja's father, who reluctantly consents to her going.

That night she hears her mother crying.

CHAPTER VI

Sonia was awake at dawn. She was leaving that night for San Francisco. The days since her father had given his consent had gone by as in a dream, leaving Sonja unconscious of their passing. Mrs. Marsh had dropped all other sewing to work for her daughter. Everything had to be just so. Anna Marsh knew what a girl should have. This once, she said to Sonja's father, Sonja should have the best.

Sonia eyed the results of her mother's effort, hanging in the closet.

Two dark dresses for work, severely plain, but with the lines only an artist can give. A black velvet, with tailored coat to match, and for the first time in her life, a real French hat. A pink chiffon, the one she had worn to Sidney's party, and another dancing dress, blue-green, with tiny silver roses, completed her new wardrobe.

"They are beautiful," breathed Sonja.

The inappropriateness of such a wardrobe for a girl bookkeeper did not occur to her. She needed only shoes and a winter coat. Her father had given her a generous check from his savings account, advising her to purchase those things in San Francisco. Vera had selected white silk bloomers to match the night-gowns.

"It's almost like a troseau," Vera said, wistfully.

And only Don Stillwater had offered any advice. Her mother was absorbed in her chores, her father wrapped in grief at the approaching party, her friends envious or delighted, according to temperament. But Sonja would not forget Don's words, spoken at the moment he had offered her the position, nor the promise she had given him.

Don had gone back to his hospital in the east, but before leaving had come to take Sonja for a farewell ride.

They had gone through the country, talking little. Sonja was treading the air that day, scarcely conscious of mortal contact.

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A. G. Payne of Lexington Compounds Remedy Known as "Husky" That Is Now Being Offered Public. It Is Recommended by Thousands of Indianapolis People; Washington St. Resident Restored to Health After Years of Suffering.



A. G. Payne

"Of course an apple is an apple, but an apple raised in Indiana is inferior to an apple raised in the State of Oregon; grapes raised in Ohio do not equal those raised in California and so it is with many other products. For instance the hay, hemp and medicinal plants that grow in the Blue Grass Section of Kentucky are better than similar products from other parts."

The hemp is fine that it's fibre may be used for manufacturing silk, the hay matures the finest race horses, the medicinal plants are used in compounding Husky—a remarkable remedy that has relieved many Indianapolis people of stomach, kidney and liver ailments even after all other treatments have failed.

"I took Husky and now I have a good appetite. My food doesn't hurt me and I feel much stronger than I did. I can do more work without being tired. I sleep soundly and it is seldom that I have a headache."

Mr. Payne has made a life long study of roots, barks and herbs. During the past twenty years he has lectured on the treatment of stomach, kidney and liver ailments to more people than any other man in the country. If you don't feel well call on Mr. Payne at Haag's Drug Store, 114 N. Pennsylvania St. Either he or his secretary will be there to receive you. No charge for interviews. Husky may be obtained at all of the Haag Stores and other well stocked drug stores everywhere.—Advertisement.



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



"I wasn't trying to vamp you," she answered, brokenly. "I know you weren't. And I had no intention of being vamped, either. Shall I take you home?"

Later, when he stopped before her door, he said, "Sonja, I'd give anything in the world if this hadn't happened."

She answered, quietly, "It's all right. Forget it."

"Will you try to do that, too? And remember the nicer things?"

"Yes, Don. I owe you too much to suffer a grudge against you."

He drove grimly, eyes straight ahead. Sonja's anger cooled into curiosity. So long as she didn't miss the boat she might as well find out what was the matter with Joe.

As she dressed that last morning, she relished that exciting moment.

"No, I promised to forget," she said, resolutely.

Besides there were so many other things to think about today. Her eyes were indifferent, her trunk to pack, and the bag she would need overnight on the boat—a last trip downtown for pins and powder.

"As if," Sonja chuckled to Sidney. "I couldn't buy those in San Francisco."

Sidney was loyal in spite of her mother's disapproval. Everyone seemed anxious to do anything they could for the departing Sonja. Her prospective absence seemed to cover a multitude of sins.

Joe Carter called. Sonja refused to see him, faithful to the promise her father had demanded. But she had been unable to avoid a scene with Tom Underwood.

"I want you to know, Sonja," he said, "that any proposal I make to you is all over now. I wouldn't consider being engaged, for that reason."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she interrupted, impatiently. "Did you bring me out here to tell me that? I have to get home, I tell you. I have a million things to do."

His face was white.

"Sonja, do you know people are saying your folks are sending you away on account of that night?"

"They are not. They don't dare say such a thing."

"Well, they are . . . and that's not all. There's been a lot more added to it. You may be sure the story hasn't lost anything by repetition."

Sonja shrugged. But behind her indifferent attitude lay intense annoyance. That people should dare to lie about her reason for going away!

"What do you suggest doing about it?" she asked, coldly.

"You know . . . I suppose you'll refuse . . . but the least I can do is to offer to marry you."

Sonja's laughter rang upon the summer air. It was unforgiven and joyous. And it infuriated the boy at her side.

"Oh, you will laugh at me! But you won't be too proud to kiss me this week."

Holding her with a grip of iron, he kissed her. Lips, cheeks, eyes, hair—until, suddenly, the girl went limp in his arms.

"Joe," she asked, faintly, "do you love me as much as that?"

"Yes, and a whole lot more."

Her arms stole around his neck, and her lips met his of their own accord. Sonja neither understood nor questioned her action. It seemed necessary then, held close in his arms.

Joe's expression was that of one once redeemed from the everlasting fires.

"Sonja," he said, presently, "does this mean that you love me, too?"

She withdrew herself from his embrace and answered, gently, "I'm afraid not, Joe."

"Well, you're the queerest girl I ever saw. What does it mean, then?"

"She said, regretfully, "I'm afraid it just meant we shouldn't have been interrupted the night you first kissed me."

It took him only a few moments to take her home after that. Sonja, loathing deceit, permitted him to drive her up to her own door, although she fully expected her father to come out and order Joe from the place. But Sam Marsh did not appear, and Joe drove away, his face contorted in a frown of resentment. Sonja was really hurt.

"I don't see why he should insist on taking it seriously," she thought.

The memory of her own conduct was not reassuring. She had kissed Joe again, after all that had been said, and all she had promised.

"But I will be awfully careful when I get to San Francisco," she resolved. "Everything will be so different there. Joe is just one of the boys I've known all my life. I'll be awfully careful."

As she went through the living-room she found her mother putting the last touches on the green chiffon.

"Joe Carter brought me home," Sonja ventured. "Where's father?"

"Did he come home early? He said he would."

"In your room, strapping your trunk full of pins. Sonja, my pin cushion."

"Thank heaven, I'll not hear that

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"Sonia, it seems only yesterday you wore it . . . two hours later, a buzz of voices as the boat pushed from the slip, Tom Underwood standing by Sidney, her father and mother, a last glimpse of those dear faces, some beating like a tom-tom in Sonja's breast . . .

(To Be Continued)

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A RESIDENT. Please enlighten Mr. Fixit with the name of your street.

TO BE AT DEDICATION

U. S. Military Official Will Attend Opening of Armory.

Col. J. P. McAdams, chief of the supply section of the Federal military bureau, will be an honor guest at the dedication Friday of the new national guard armory on N. Pennsylvania St., Adjutant General William H. Kershner announced today. Colonel McAdams will represent

Maj. Gen. C. C. Hammond, chief of the military bureau.

Brig. Gen. Dwight E. Aultman, commandant of Ft. Benjamin Harrison; Governor Jackson, Mayor Duval and other notables will review the dedication parade in the afternoon. A public inspection of the armory will follow the parade. The ceremony will be concluded with a military ball in the evening.

DEATH LEAP FAILS

By United Press CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—Leaping from the sixth story of a downtown hotel here today, a girl believed to be Marge Kelley, 17, of Vancouver, B. C., today sustained a broken right arm and a lacerated face. She landed on the second story fire escape.

Twelve men appeared to clean the 500 block on Bernard Ave. in the spring, but the street has remained untouched since that time, according to word received by Mr. Fixit today.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: You have been helping on our streets before and now I am asking for some more help. About twelve men cleaned our street in the early spring. It has not been cleaned since and the months of the alleys in the 500 block on Bernard Ave. are so full of mud that after a rain the people have to wade out in the street to pass. Also there is a loose manhole cover.

DAILY TIMES READER.

By the time you read this, the street should have been cleaned. If there is a hitch, drop Mr. Fixit a line.

Mr. Fixit was in error when a few days ago he informed a correspondent sign boards were restricted only near boulevards. Macklin Mack, city plan commission secretary informed him there are other zoning restrictions. If a TIMES READER will kindly give the address, Mr. Fixit will be able to determine whether the restriction apply to the street on which she lives.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: Between Meridian and Illinois Sts., the street has become so worn from constant

travel that water stands in the gutter after each rain. Also the water coming from the first alley

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